Woodward del

Cruikshank - Sc

The ENGLISH SAILOR, and FRENCH CITIZEN.

Ah — ah — Monsieur.

Je suis très humblement votre serviteur.

Page 5, Line 5.

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THE

ENGLISH SAILOR,

AND

FRENCH CITIZEN:

A

LOYAL SKETCH,

IN VERSE.

LONDON:

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THE

ENGLISH SAILOR,

AND

FRENCH CITIZEN.

SCENE—*A Street in London.*

Enter Jack Oakum (ſinging.)

MY friend Ben Bowſprit is a hearty fellow,
His grog methinks has made me ſomewhat mellow.
Ben's equal ne'er broke bread to drink or ſing,
And then he's honeſt—for he loves his King.
Avaſt tho'—don't my peepers ſpy a ſail?
She makes good way—ſhe ſcuds before the gale;
Hither ſhe ſteers—ſplit me what have we here,
Her colours ſpeak her a French Privateer.

(Retires.)

Enter French Citizen.

SONG.

From de grande Nation
Me come Liberté's ſon,
De Engliſh vid Freedom to cheat,
For tho' to all Europe
We've ſounded de var-hoop,
De Engliſh ve never can beat.

Firſt ve conquer de Dotch,
Dat labour not moch,
And deir plunder our coffers enriches;
But like true Sans Culottes,
Tho' ve left dem deir coats,
Begar ve did ſeize all deir breeches.

Den Pruſſia diſarm,
And Spain lay down deir arm,
Compell'd or by bribes or by fears;
De Pope his Tiara
No longer could carry,
And Paris get Switzerland's bears.

But tho' de Swiſs Bête,
And Dotch Elephang great,
We have force de French ſhackles to try on,

Von

Von Bête, vid diſdain,
Views our impotent chain,
And dat is de damn'd Engliſh Lion.

(*JACK comes forward.*)

Avaſt here—what palaver's this?

CITIZEN.

.....Ah—ah—Monſieur,
Je ſuis très humblement votre ſerviteur.

JACK.

Hold your French ſlang—what brought you here?

CITIZEN.

.....Me come,
To teach de Engliſh freedom, from my home.

JACK.

You teach us freedom!—teach us to make ſlip,
To heave an anchor, or to ſteer a ſhip;
A lath like you—teach Britons to be free!
Damme—we learn it with our A. B. C.

CITIZEN.

But our great men do teach us ſenſe profonde,
Dat all of us be equal dans le monde.

JACK.

All of us equal!—that won't do—no more!
No Boatſwain's equal to a Commodore.
And then my well-rigg'd SUE, a ſaucy Doxy,
Says how that I an't equal to WILL COXY.

CITIZEN.

En France 'tis very differante; for ſure
Dere be no rich.....

JACK.

.....Oh no, becauſe you're all damn'd poor.

CITIZEN.

Monſieur, you make de grande miſtake—ve have
Dans le tems paſsée all been pauvre ſlave;
Mais tous les choſes have been ſo changé ſince
Dat all de French be each von little prince;
And den for Freedom—you Monſieur muſt grant
En France de Tree of Liberty ve plant.

JACK.

Your Tree of Liberty!—a pretty joke,
The Tree of Liberty—is Britiſh Oak.
High as a firſt-rate maſt, its branches ſhoot,
Sound is its trunk—and firmly fix'd its root;

And when dread ills and foreign foes invade,
We'll find an harbour underneath its ſhade.

CITIZEN.

Dat harbour ve'll deſtroy—for if our fleet
De Engliſh navy ever chance to meet,
As ve on land do gain de victoree,
De grande Nation ſhall beat you on de ſea.

JACK.

Beat Britons, Mounſeer!—ſing another tune,
And trembling recollect the firſt of June,
And firſt of Auguſt!—each like grog inſpires,
Methinks I hear the veſſels thund'ring fires.
See HOWE, reſolv'd to conquer or to die,
From ſtem to ſtern with Britiſh ardour fly.
See gallant NELSON, with true courage warm,
As light'ning rapid—dreadful as the ſtorm,
Break thro' the lines of your poor trembling ſlaves
And ſing in triumph—Britons rule the waves!

CITIZEN.

Yet ſtill our Nation, vid de ſail unfurl'd,
Shall ſend de cap of Freedom round de vorld.

JACK.

JACK.

You venture round the world, Mounſeer!
Why you've no pilot at the helm to ſteer;
Your craggy bark of ſtate has too much ſail,
And torn from anchor, drives before the gale;
Ours tight and trim, defies th' impending blaſt,
Secure in well built ſtrength, will ever laſt:
Lords of the waves, to diſtant climes we'll rove,
Whilſt our helm's guided—by the KING we love.
Stand back then! (*Citizen retires*) if we muſt continue war,
Let my own meſſmates hear a Britiſh Tar.

(*Comes forward.*)

Let's ceaſe diſputes—and join with heart in hand
To bang theſe Mounſeers, both by ſea and land;
Shall free-born ſouls, who've always rul'd the waves,
Be made to lower their flags, and ſtrike to ſlaves?
No!—let's preſerve our birth-right, ſtill be free,
And ſtill maintain the empire of the ſea.
Let's ſteer the courſe, where brave ST. VINCENT leads,
Where DUNCAN conquers, or where NELSON bleeds;
And like true Sailors—fight, drink, laugh, and ſing,
True to our RIGHTS, our COUNTRY, and our KING.

F I N I S.

M. ALLEN, Printer, 15, Paternoſter-Row.